# The Examiner.

## A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

VOL. XX. I | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29. 1869. | NO 55



**The Examiner**

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY BY

**WALTER C. GRANT,**

AT HIS OFFICE, HILLSBOROUGH STREET, NEAR KING'S SQUARE.

TERMS,

**Fifteen Shillings, per annum, half in advance.**

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**ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER.**

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 3d day, 6h. 29m., morn, E.
First Quarter, 10th day, 6h. 59m even.. S
Full Moon, 18th day, 7h 38m., even., S. E.
Last Quarter, 25th day. 10h. 21m. even, N E.

| D M | DAY WEEK. | SUN rises | SUN sets | Sun fast clock | Moon rises. | High Water | day's Length |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | h m | h m | m s | h m | h m | h m |
| 1 | Wed | 7 28 | 4 10 | 10 41 | 4 44 | 9 8 | 8 42 |
| 2 | Thur | 29 | 10 | 10 18 | 5 59 | 10 2 | 41 |
| 3 | Frid | 31 | 10 | 9 54 | sets | 10 55 | 39 |
| 4 | Sat | 32 | 10 | 9 30 | 5 45 | 11 44 | 38 |
| 5 | Sun | 33 | 4 10 | 9 5 | 6 42 | morn. | 8 37 |
| 6 | Mon | 35 | 9 | 8 39 | 7 42 | 0 33 | 34 |
| 7 | Tues | 36 | 9 | 8 13 | 8 46 | 1 22 | 33 |
| 8 | Wed | 37 | 9 | 7 47 | 9 50 | 2 10 | 32 |
| 9 | Thur | 38 | 9 | 7 20 | 10 52 | 2 57 | 31 |
| 10 | Frid | 39 | 9 | 6 52 | 11 51 | 3 44 | 30 |
| 11 | Sat | 40 | 9 | 6 25 | morn | 4 33 | 29 |
| 12 | Sun | 7 41 | 4 9 | 5 57 | 0 50 | 5 22 | 8 28 |
| 13 | Mon | 42 | 9 | 5 28 | 1 52 | 6 11 | 27 |
| 14 | Tues | 43 | 9 | 5 0 | 2 42 | 7 2 | 26 |
| 15 | Wed | 45 | 9 | 4 31 | 3 32 | 7 52 | 25 |
| 16 | Thur | 46 | 10 | 4 2 | 4 40 | 8 41 | 25 |
| 17 | Frid | 46 | 10 | 3 32 | 5 38 | 9 28 | 25 |
| 18 | Sat | 47 | 10 | 3 3 | rises | 10 14 | 24 |
| 19 | Sun | 7 47 | 4 10 | 2 33 | 5 17 | 11 1 | 8 24 |
| 20 | Mon | 48 | 11 | 2 3 | 6 18 | 11 45 | 24 |
| 21 | Tues | 48 | 11 | 1 33 | 7 20 | even. | 24 |
| 22 | Wed | 48 | 12 | 1 3 | 8 25 | 1 20 | 24 |
| 23 | Thur | 48 | 12 | 0 33 | 9 40 | 2 9 | 24 |
| 24 | Frid | 48 | 13 | slow | 10 50 | 2 57 | 25 |
| 25 | Sat | 48 | 13 | 0 25 | morn | 3 48 | 25 |
| 26 | Sun | 48 | 4 14 | 0 56 | 0 2 | 4 42 | 8 26 |
| 27 | Mon | 48 | 15 | 1 26 | 1 15 | 5 41 | 27 |
| 28 | Tues | 48 | 16 | 1 55 | 2 28 | 6 42 | 28 |
| 29 | Wed | 7 48 | 17 | 2 25 | 3 40 | 7 44 | 29 |
| 30 | Thurs | 48 | 18 | 2 54 | 4 40 | 8 46 | 30 |
| 31 | Frid | 48 | 18 | 3 23 | 6 12 | 9 43 | 30 |


GEORGE D. WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

**CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,**

**DUNNS BLOCK,**

**QUEEN STREET,**

**Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.**

June 28, 1868.

**R. REDDIN,**

**Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,**

CONVEYANCER, &c.

**Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.**

*(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)*

September 3, 1866. tf

**A. McNEILL,**

**Reading Room Propietor,**

**COMMISSION MERCHANT**

AND

AUCTIONEER,

**Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.**

May 31, 1869. tf

**Direct from Bordeaux, via Halifax.**

THE Subscriber has just received from Bordeaux, via Halifax,—

50 cases Cognac BRANDY,
50 " CHAMPAGNE
5 hhds Bargundy RED WINE,
5 " Good Graves White WINE,
5 " Pure White Wine VINEGAR.

All of which are offered for sale at extremely low rates

OWEN CONNOLLY.

**H. HASZARD,**

**Commission Merchant,**

**GENERAL AGENT,**

AND

**AUCTIONEER**

**Upper Queen Street,**

**Charlottetown, - - - P.E.I.**

N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country, will receive prompt attention.

April 26, 1869.

**MAKE YOUR OWN YEAST**

CHOICE NEW HOPS for family use, in QUARTER, HALF and POUND PAPERS. For Sale by

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Ch'town September 18, 1868.

**WILLIAM KOUGHAN**

**Ship Broker & General Agent,**

**Queen's Wharf,**

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Peake Brothers & Co., Carvell Brothers, I. C. Hall, Esquire.

Feb. 8, 1869

**Marine and Fire Insurance**

*BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE & MARINE.*

**HEAD OFFICE---Corner of Church & Court Streets, Toronto.**

*Capital and Assets upwards of* - - - - $500,000
*Deposited at Ottawa* - - - - - $50,000

G. P. RIDOUT, Esquire, - - - Governor,
PETER PATERSON, Esquire - - Dep'y Gov.,
T. W. BIRCHALL, Esquire, - - Manager.

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON!**

**OFFICES---1 Old Broad Street, and 15 Pall Mall.**

*Subscribed and Invested Capital*, £1,965,000.

**$105,000** deposited at Ottawa for the Protection of Policy holders, in conformity with the New Canadian Insurance Law.

Hanover Fire Insurance Company of New York.

*Paid Up Capital*, - - - - - - - $400,000
*Surplus*, - - - - - - - - 319,000

*Total Assets, 1st July*, 1869, - - - - $719,000

MARINE RISKS taken on HULLS, CARGOES and FREIGHTS at moderate rates consistent with the hazard.

FIRE INSURANCE effected on every description of Property.

All Policies issued immediately on application, without reference to the Head Offices.

For further particulars, rates and conditions, apply to

**Fenton T. Newbery,**

General Agent,

Ch'town, Sept 13, 1869. (Next door to the Telegraph Office.

**NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE.**

**Strictly Mutual and charges only Cost of Insurance.**

NON-FORFEITURE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE ORIGINATED BY THIS COMPANY.

If you want a Life Policy, choose Experience, Ability & Success.

ASSETS, - - - $12 000,000

Twenty-fourth Annual Report, January 1st, 1869.

INCOME FOR THE YEAR ..... $4,698,280.20
TOTAL CASH ASSESTS ..... 11 000 822 50
DIVISIBLE SURPLUS ..... 1,689,282.17

**Policies issued during the year, 9,105, insuring $30,765,947.00**

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President,
WM. H. BEERS, Vice-President & Actuary,
WALTER BURKE, Manager for Dominion of Canada.

Blank Forms, Tables of Rates Reports and all information can be had at the office of

HENRY A HARVIE,
General Agent for P. E. Isla

**PHILLIPS & LEWIS,**

**Carpenters & Builders,**

**HILLSBOROUGH PARK,**

*CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,*

Have constantly on hand a large stock of WARREN'S Improved Fire and Waterproof

**FELT, COMPOSITION, AND GRAVEL,**

and, from a long experience in the use of this material, can guarantee the laying of the same in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.

August 2, 1869.

**9,000.**

**NINE THOUSAND**

**ROOM PAPER!**

**ROOM PAPER.**

JUST RECEIVED at HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE, QUEEN STREET—

Nine Thousand Rolls ROOM PAPER, from 3d per Roll, upwards.

H. A. HARVIE.

May 24, 1869.

**FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,**

**BARRISTER AT LAW,**

**NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,**

*OFFICE: 4 doors south of Bank of P. E. I.,*

GEORGE STREET

**Charlottetown, P. E. Island.**

**Kerosene.**

30 BARRELS BEST AMERICAN OIL, for sale by

CARVELL BROS.

Nov. 1, 1869. 1m

**ERSKIN'S**

**BRAHEE SUGAR POWDERS**

A Tonic and Unfailing Remedy for

**Rheumatism of all kinds, Neuralgia**

**Lumbago, Sciatica,**

As also for FACE-ACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, COUGHS, and all affections from Colds.

See Lancet, under MEDICAL PATRONAGE

WM. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Queen Street, Sept. 16, 1867.

**HYMNS,**

**ANCIENT & MODERN.**

**With Appendix,**

AS USED IN

**ST. PETER'S CHURCH,**

Price ONE SHILLING and upwards

Just received at

HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,

**A. HERMANS,**

**Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,**

**Dorchester Street,**

**(Next to Reading Room Building.)**

BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constanty on hand

**A neat Assortment of**

**TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS, &c., &c., &c.**

ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

**Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fittings, &c., &c.,**

I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style

To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch

A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.

**SAYERS' CRYSTAL BLUE,**

*Sold Cheaper than ever.*

July 12, 1869

**JUST RECEIVED,**

AND FOR SALE

**Cheap for Cash,**

HEARTZ & SON

HAVE JUST RECEIVED per Steamer from Britain, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of

**Dry Goods, &c, &c.**

And a further supply expected in a few days by *midsummer vessels.*

The above Goods, along with stock on hand, the subscribers offer to their customers

**VERY LOW,**

as they wish to make quick sales of the same, to prepare room for FALL importations.

Intending purchasers will please call and examine for themselves.

HEARTZ & SON.

August 3, 1868.

**T. T. T.**

GOOD TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES and other GROCERIES, together with &c., &c.,

at the WEST END STORE, Rochford Square.

June 28, 1869.

**1869**

SPRING STOCK

OF

**HARDWARE.**

**City Hardware Store.**

Just received, per Steamer from BOSTON Ship *Undine*, from LIVERPOOL, and *Amphion* from LONDON, the best and most suitable

**STOCK OF HARWARED**

ever imported into Charlottetown, consisting in part of:

NAIL.

403 bags assorted fine American Cut Nails, Cut and Wro't Spikes, Brads and Finishing Nails, Wro't Nails, all sizes, Boot Nails, in copper, zinc and iron, Horseshoe Nails, Copper Burrs and Belt Rivets, Wood Screws, ½ to 4 in, Brass Hinges & Screws

PAINT.

4 tons Paint, Dees Bro. & London White, Red Lead, Black Paint, Green Paint, Venetian, Red & Blue Paint, Orange Crome Paint, Burnt Terra Sienna do., Emerald Green Ultramarine Blue, Patent Dryers, Red Ochre, Extract Logwood, Umber, mixed and unmixed, Drop Black, Metallic Paint, Glue, Paris Whiting, challac.

OIL.

21 casks Oil, in Boiled and raw Linseed, Olive Oil, extra, Machinery do., al Oil, Kerosene Oil, Cod and Whale Oil, Turpentine, Black and Brown Japan, Walnut Stain, Copper Paint, Pitch and Rosin, Mander's Fine Mahogany Varnish, Capel Oak do., Pale Carriage do., Quick gold size, Knotting Composition, 100 Boxes Glass, from 7x8 to 36x42, Putty, 2 tons Zinc, 100 rolls Tarred Paper, Stove Polish.

PAINT BRUSHES.

A choice lot of Paint, Graining, Tar and Whitewash Brushes, Blacking, Scrubbing, and Horse Brushes. Shoemakers' Ink and Outfits, Whips, Fairbanks' and other Scales, from 3s. to 120s. Wire Cloth, all sizes, Fence, Well and Mud Digger Chain, Hemp & Manilla Rope, Best quality American Mackerel and Cod Line Hooks and Fishing Gear, Silver Table Bells, Hand Bells and Gongs, American Patent Roller Bushes, Brass and Enameled Stew Pans, Egg Beaters, Clothes Wringers, Flour Sifters, Wire Sieves, Wire Dish Covers, Blacksmiths' Anvils, Vices, Hammers and Bellows, Blister Steel, Carriage Mountings, in Axles and Screw Bolts, Malleable Castings, Hub Bands, in Silver and Brass. Dash Centres, &c., c. Taylor & Bros celebrated Circular, Crosscut Hand and Tenon, Pa el, Keyhole, an Mila-l Saws, Large assortment of Files, of every description, Locks, Hinges and Screws, of all kinds,

Few Boxes IX Tin Plate, Bar Tin and Spelter, Brad's celebrated Bench, Narrow and Broad Axes, Adzes, Shingle Axes &c, &c.,

Carpenters', Joiners' and Coopers' Tools of all kinds, Fanner Wheels and Bushes.

A few Double Barrle GUNS, a very superior article; Revolvers and Breech Loaders. Ammunition of every description.

A large Assortment of English and American FORK, SHOVELS SPADES and HOES Garden Tools of every description, Hay FORKS, SCYTHES, NEATHS, RAKES.

CUTLERY.—Ivory Handled Table, Carving and Dessert KNIVES; Elliot's celebrated RAZORS, Pocket, Pruning and Sportmens' KNIVES Hutton's Famed British PLATE in Table, Dessert and TEA SPOONS, TABLE and DESSERT FORKS, &c. &c.

The above is but a small portion of the largest stock of Hardware ever imported into Charlottetown, all of which has been purchased for CASH, on the very best terms, and we feel satisfied that we can please the public in price and quality. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere

**BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.,**

Successors to

H. E. STARBIRD, & CO.

June 28, 1869

**NEW GOODS!**

**NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS.**

—AT—

**ROBERT YOUNG'S**

**"Centre of Attraction."**

New Bonnets, New Hats,
New Ribbons, New Flowers,
New Feathers, New Mantles,
New Mantle Velvet, New Velveteens,
New Silks, New Irish Poplins,
New Dress Stuffs New F Merinoes,
New Shirts, New Shirtings,
New Flannels New Wool Shirts,
New Wool Shirting, &c., &c.,

TO BESOLD CHEAP.

North Side Queen Square.

Ch'town, Oct. 7, 1869. tf

**NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS.**

**JUST RECEIVED AT**

**JOSEPH A. McDONALD'S**

**Queen Street,**

PER STEAMERS "ORIENTAL" & "ALHAMBRA,"

**4 Cases Hats and Caps, New Style,**

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Per "City of Quebec," from Montreal,

**3 Cases Boots, Shoe and Rubbers,**

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Per "St. Lawrence,"

**1 Case Ready-Made Clothing,**

(Fashionable Make.)

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Ch'town, Oct. 4, 1869.

**CLOUDS, CLOUDS, CLOUDS.**

**Ladies' Clouds**

IN

**IMMENSE VARITY.**

*CHEAPER THAN EVER,*

AT

**ROBERT YOUNG'S,**

THE "CENTRE OF ATTRACTION,"

North Side Queen Square.

Ch'town, Oct. 18, 1869. tf

**IRON!**

JUST RECEIVED per ship DUNCAN from LIVERPOOL—

**10 Tons Best Refined IRON.**

For Sale Low.

GEORGE HOWAT.

Crapaud, May 17.


## The Ghost of Leyborne Hall.

BY MRS. PERCY VER.

He cut his throat from ear to ear! All around and about the luxurious carpet crimsoning the sunny drapery of the bed, lying in a black pool by the sill of the door, and filling the air with a fresh sickening odor, was the blood of Richard Leyborne, Esq., hitherto considered the happiest and most fortunate of men. True, he was a bachelor, and thereby lost the blessings that attend the marital state, but any one who had ever visited the house at Leyborne, could fully testify, that for comfort, for enchanting ease, and the delights of a country life, there was no house in the country to equal it. And then it had been whispered about that the late squire had been very fond of Madge Lee, the daughter of his housekeeper,—what was to hinder his making her the mistress of his home? The dark eyed, graceful young creature would have well become the position. There was a great many years on his side, to be sure, and Madge would perhaps have mated better with his nephew and heir, young Richard. But the squire's eyes were bold and bright, in spite of his fifty years, his hand did not tremble a jot, when he carried his wine to his lips, and his life had been so quiet and happy, or little distracted by trouble of any kind, that he had forgotten to grow old and crusy, and there were plenty of damsels, taking everything into consideration, that would have far preferred the squire to his grave and formal nephew.

There he lay, on this bright summer morning quite cold and dead—his bold, blue eyes lacked speculation, and his shapely hand hung limps and lifeless, with the diamond still blazing on his finger.

A decanter of wine partly emptied, a cigar half consumed, were upon his dressing-table, and by his easy chair still lay his velvet slippers. The birds sang in his trees; the roses bloomed in his garden—here even was the fair Madge, beside herself with grief and tears, begging the poor dead lips to speak to her again. His nephew, with a frozen look of horror upon his face, refused even to look upon the fearful sight, and the housekeeper almost believed it to be a horrid dream.

Why did he do this thing? asked the outside world, and almost doubted the evidence of their senses. But the razor lay by his bed as if it had fallen from his hand, and only three days before he had told lawyer Newell that he thought of consulting him about his will. It was a plain case of suicide. Then the world declared that the Squire's affairs must be in a ruinous condition, that it would be seen he was an embarrassed man—but lawyer Newell denied this immediately, and declared that the squire had even been a richer man than his neighbors gave him credit for.

Then they looked askance upon poor, pale Madge, perhaps she had refused him, and her sorrow now was mingled with remorse. Well might she wring her hands and sob so wildly—here was a man of property, a good man, a generous man, a jolly, kind hearted—in fact, a perfect man, hunted to his grave by a foolish, fickle jade, and the world settled in this conviction, became extremely severe to young Madge.

The inquest was over—a pompous funeral was held at the hall, and the late squire was conveyed with great ceremony, which he had always hated, poor fellow, to the tomb of his ancesters, and to tell the truth, every one had thought he also hated this dreary resting place.

But the new squire was fond of ceremony and presided over the estate with great dignity. Quite recovered from the sudden terror, which his uncle's frightful death had naturally caused, he entered upon his new duties with great zeal and that firmness which usually commands respect.

There seems, however, some element in human nature that fraternizes with and delights in the genial, careless, merry natures like those of the old squire, and do what he would, the young squire could not bring back the old times to the hall. In vain he consulted the lawyer upon all occasions, and treated him with the utmost deference. Lawyer Newell was so imperturbably cold and laconic, that his manner was almost suspicious—even the gardener, John, became sullen and retiring, and once or twice the squire fancied the man leaned upon his spade and looked after him in a puzzled way.

The housekeeper, alone—Mrs. Lee—treated the squire with the same affection and respect she had shown for her old master. She never called him master Richard, and nothing could exceed the promptitude with which the new orders were executed.

'It is singular to me,' said Mrs. Lee, one morning to her daughter Madge, 'that you never care to arrange the flowers any more for the breakfast table—we hain't had a decently arranged bunch since the poor old squire died.'

'Oh, mamma,' cried the girl, 'I have no heart to touch the flowers.'

'Well, I know,' continued the housekeeper, 'that the squire care very little for flowers, but it makes the table look gay, and I declare the house gets more melancholy every day.'

'I will get some for you, this morning mamma,' replied Madge, and taking her garden hat, she went out among the roses. She wore a black silk dress now, and her little garden hat was no longer trimmed with the blue streamers, the old squire was so fond to see, but the girl was very beautiful and as she plucked the flowers and threw them into her apron, the morning air brought a fleeting blush into her cheek.

'Madge, my darling,' cried the voice of the new squire from the shrubbery, 'it gladdens my heart to see you again at your old pretty work come, he continued, tenderly, 'be your own sweet self once more, there never shall be more beautiful flowers than those cultured for my own Madge, and in all the world, there will not be a lovelier bride than mine.'

He took her into his arms as he spoke, and his stern face lighted up with unutterable love.

But the girl shuddered, and as he glanced down upon her all the light died out of his face.

'Are you, too, turning against me?' he said in a low fierce whisper.

Madge put her head upon his shoulder and sought his frowning brow with her thin white hands.

'Bear with me Richard,' she said, 'I cannot yet drive from my brain the thought that my refusal caused your uncle to commit that horrible deed. He was so kind to me, and I was so fond of him. Oh, only did he not love me as I loved him.'

'Why, indeed,' said the squire, in a low, harsh voice. 'He might perhaps have been alive to-day, but men commit desperate deeds for hearts like yours, my Madge, and the past is the past. For heaven's sake harp upon this theme no longer.'

They sought the house with slow, sad steps, and the gardener upon the other side of the ledge leaned upon his spake musingly.

'Well, she may rue the day she gave up the squire for the loving face of young master Richard. Every one to their taste, but its what I call a poor choice. However, as master Richard says, what's done can't be undone, and there's no use crying over spilt milk.

With these maxims the gardener consoled himself, and went on with his work. He discovered, with great wrath, that his flowers were constantly being torn down and trampled upon by some nightly intruder, and he vowed there and then, that he would discover the culprit, and were it even the squire's retriever he would find a way to quiet him. That very night he decided upon watching and discovering what it was that ruined his tender plants. And this was the way the ghost was first seen at Leyborne Hall. The gardener went into the kitchen in the morning, and with a white scared face, and told the woman there that he had seen a ghost. The terror and interest remained unabated when he continued his story. He had been up late the night before, and around the hour of midnight, he almost remembered that the clock struck twelve, he had gone out for a tour in the garden, the moon shone very bright, and he saw distinctly a man's form clad in white (here a shudder went through the awe stricken listeners) kind 'o slidin' toward the elmtrees, the pipe dropped from his mouth, and as he was a livin' man, he saw it, sometimes plain, then indistinct, until it faded away in the direction of the graveyard.

Who can describe the attitudes of horror, the instructed eyes, the awfully significant exchange of glances that greeted the tale of John, the gardener.

With many a whisper and furtive glance, they nodded their heads and muttered, until one more bold, or more inventive than the rest, declared that the poor old Squire had come to an unlimely end, and that his unhappy spirit refused to be at rest.

From that time it became generally known that the old Squire's ghost haunted the place, and the was an under-current of gossip and suspicion that created even a greater sensation than the death and inquest at the house.

It was a veritable ghost, it had been seen by many around the hour of midnight, always hovering about the house or the churchyard.

To all these tales we alone had turned a deaf ear—the housekeeper had forbidden all mention of this most ridiculous subject, and had even gone so far as to threaten all the servants to believe in this absurdity upon pain of dismissal.

The Hall, in its present gloomy state, was a comfortable, cozy home—the servants in Mrs. Lee's presence kept a judicious silence, but when her back was turned the interest waxed stronger, the belief was unquestioned.

No one was bold enough to hint to the Squire of this awful presence; his manner had become stern and repelling, and there was that in his eye that daunted the courage of the bravest gossip.

To the beautiful Madge alone was the squire tender and kind, and even this was mingled with a fierceness that he seemed to strive in vain to subdue.

'If I were to drive into that current,' he said one day to her as they passed the mill-stream in their daily drive, 'would you be content to die with me, to drown together.

The girl shuddered, and grew pale. He laughed mockingly, and drove rapidly on.

'What cowards women are,' he said, 'I believe if my uncle had lived he would have married you, come, answer me,' he continued fiercely, and turning her head to the light, 'you would have married him, wouldn't you?'

'No,' said the girl hot tears forcing themselves down her cheek, 'but he would never have been cruel to me, what have I done to you, Richard, that you should treat me so?'

'Done to me,' he said, 'nothing in the world, but you would have married him, and I should, in any case, have been an accursed wretch.'

Then in a little while, he took her in his arms, and plead with her to forgive him when they were married, he would be himself again, he said, and why not the wedding be soon? Why yield to every whim and prejudice of the people about them they would get married and go away from this accursed place—they would seek some bright foreign land, where they could forget everything, and be happy.

The girl whispered some tender, caressing words, but she breathed a sigh of relief as she alighted from the carriage, and sought her room directly—those scenes with her lover were terrible to endure, and Madge grew paler and thinner every day.

The summer passed away, and the roses no longer bloomed, the birds went away to their winter haunts, the harvest was gathered, and the farmers' currant wine was almost ready for use. In spite of all opposition, the squire had determined that the wedding should take place at Christmas time, and Mrs. Lee, gratified that her daughter was at last to reign mistress of the hall, felt her bosom swell with unwonted kindliness toward her fellow creatures.

One chilly night November, she wrapped herself up warmly, and taking with her a flask of this domestic wine, she went to watch awhile with the wife of James Black, who was sick with a fever.

The house keeper possessed a sturdy nature, and although when she started for the Hall, the clock was on the strike of twelve, she was not afraid to venture the distance alone.

'It is a short way,' she cried to the sick woman's husband, 'and you had better stay by your wife. I shall get home nicely by the light of the moon.' She walked along quickly, taking the middle of the road, and thinking of the good fortune of her daughter Madge. After Christmas, this slim, pale girl, will be mistress of that great house that loomed in the distance—all the luxuries the world could afford would be laid at her feet, for there was no doubt the squire was mad about her, worse than the poor old master, thought the housekeeper, and as she neared the garden wall she looked exultingly at the young fruit trees, the vine laden with its purple clusters, when suddenly, from under the elm trees there stalked an awful figure, clothed in white. For a moment the sturdy step of the housekeeper faltered—her heart stood still within her, while her gaze was riveted upon the dread form now fast retreating in the distance. It certainly had the shape of a man, and almost fancied she could detect a resemblance to the poor dead squire; the face was averted, and now far away, it seemed to falter and hesitate—at last it disappeared among the white stones of the graveyard.

How she got home, she scarcely knew, and it was not currant wine she drank when she reached her comfortable room, nothing but brandy, and scarcely that could steady her quivering nerves, she, that had never known what it was to have nerves.

The next morning the squire might have noticed that the cheeks of his white housekeeper were not so natural as usual, but he was too much taken up with his own interests to notice those of others. He had taken a severe cold in some way, and was positive that the sheets were not properly aired. Although Mrs. Lee protested that it was, as it should be, it was certain her young master had taken a severe cold—his eyes were bright, his lips were parched and feverish and a harsh, dry cough grated upon the ears of Madge as she entered the breakfast room.

'You are not well?' she said anxiously, while her lover looked upon her with longing, eager eyes.

'I never shall be well in this place,' he replied 'oh, Madge, dear, pray for the days to come when we shall be shall be able to leave these gloomy walls—if it were only Christmas. It is a child's folly, he added firmly, to wait until then, why not to morrow, or to-day? He walked restlessly to and fro and glared with haggard eyes upon the housekeeper, and her daughter, then hastily drinking a cup of coffee, he went out of the room.

A shadow seemed to hang over the once merry house of Leyborne—the gardener had given notice to leave—he declared he had seen the ghost hovering about the garden, and once the phantom had disappeared near the private staircase that led to the squire's apartments. It was John's opinion the old squire was coming to take possession of his own again, and he must give notice to quit. So John went and the housemaid, and there remained but two or three frightened and wavering people about the house and stables.

The squire's cough became sharper, and a bright spot of color flamed on each cheek. None advised him of his evidently dangerous state of health, and even his once fond and devoted Madge trembled in his embrace, and unanswered his impassioned words and fierce caresses with a pallid, pitying endurance that sometimes drove him to madness.

'I will corry you off,' he said to her one night in the library. 'I will have a carriage at the door, and some night I will take my darling in my arms and run away with her. Would you forgive me, Madge?' he said, stepping quickly across the room, and kneeling by the girl's side.

'It is but a few weeks, Richard,' said Madge, wearily. 'Let us wait in peace.'

'Cold, cold,' he said. 'You can never understand the hell that rages within me, never, never.'

Madge looked upon him with an expression of wonder.

'Richard, Richard,' she said, clasping her hands in despair, 'what can I do for you. My very soul in filled with pity for you, you are so ill, your eyes are so haggard and wild.'

Madge burst into a passion of tears, and buried her face in her hands.

Then he grew instantly calm. He took the fair head upon his breast, and murmured sweet endearing words in her ear. He kissed her hands, her hair, and promised to torture her nor more.

'I will wait until this Christmas,' he said, 'this happy Christmas that will soon be here.'

A few happy hours he passed her side that night, the poor, unhappy wretch.

In the morning they were separted forever, for that night Madge saw the ghost. She had not been able to sleep—this perpetual excitement prayed upon her health; she looked back with terror upon these months that had passed, wondered if there ever had been a merry, kind, chivalric old squire, and a laughing, romping Madge. As she looked into her heart she found the fervent love that had once filled it dimmed with fear and distrust, and as she crept from her bed, and out into the deserted hall, she looked out of one of the great windows, and wished also to get away from this once happy home, but not with him. Dearly as she loved him, she longed only for a little rest. And then she turned to the window again. The clock in the hall struck twelve, and Madge saw before her the thin, tall shape that had so long haunted the hall. Its eyes were fixed and glassy, its cheeks hollow and wan. It walked through the hall with a noiseless tread, for the boney feet were bare. Clad in a long white garment that poorly sheltered the attenuated form from the bitter cold of this December night, it glided by her side, almost touching her, then on and on, till it disappeared at the end of the corridor.

A long loud shriek rang through the house. Hurried steps came to the assistance of the wretched girl, and she was carefully taken to her mother's room. The housekeeper dismissed all attendants, declared it was a fainting fit, and remained alone with her daughter.

The servants shook their heads and fled back to their rooms, turning as they went to look into dark corners, and then hurry along with the speed that terror lends to the footsteps.

With great difficulty Madge was brought back to consciousness.

'Mamma,' she said, in a frightened whisper, 'I shall die if I stay here another day. Let me go away, I beg of you, mamma, hide me from from I am afraid of his haggard eyes. Oh, mamma, he is going mad—my poor, poor Richard.'

'Richard?' echoed the wonpering housekeeper.

'And yet, mpmma, I am afraid of him I shall die with fear if I look upon his face again.'

The resolution of the housekeeper was quickly taken. Before a soul was stirring in the house the had conveyed her daughter to Farmer Blake's, and from thence to the nearest railway station.

'Take care of him, mamma,' said the weeping girl, as she parted from her, 'take care of him, and when I am strong I will return.'

The housekeeper occupied her usual seat at table in the morning—she was pale, but that was a customary thing of late, and two haggard faces confronted each other over the massive silver and smoking viands.

The beautiful face of Madge was absent.

Mrs. Lee's voice faltered a little, when the squire required to know why Madge was so late. 'She is not ill?' he said suddenly. And then the housekeeper's voice faltered, but she answered immediately, pouring out the coffee with an unsteady hand.

'No,' said Madge is not exactly ill, but she is far from well. I thought perhaps a little visit to my sister's would recruit the poor child's health and spirits.'

'A visit,' he shouted. 'Are you mad, woman? Do you think I could stay in this house, with nothing but your grim visage between me and damnation?'

A dangerous light crept into the eyes of the housekeeper.

'Were it not,' she said, 'for the respect I owe to your house and name, I would leave your house this morning—but let all the rest forenke it, I will cling to it while one stone remains above another.'

The squire gazed a moment at his housekeeper—then he sat down, and took his cup of coffee in his hand.

'I think you are ill,' he said in a voice he strove to render calm, 'but call Madge, and we will strive to drive away these unpleasant fancies.'

'They are no fancies,' she replied, 'my daughter Madge saw the ghost last night, and, wild with fear, she fled from the house before morning dawned—the servants will not stay—they say the place is haunted!—'

'Haunted!' repeated the squire.

'By the ghost of your uncle,' she replied 'and I must add, that unless I dreamed while walking home from farmer Blake's one night, I saw a ghostly form glide under the elms and disappear among the graves in the churchyard—I know now,' she added in a whisper, 'that it was you!'

Every vestige of color faded out of his cheeks, the cup of coffee fell from his trembling hand—his livid lips opened once, twice, as if to speak.

'I saw you,' said the housekeeper, gazing upon him in terror, 'but do not fear, I will keep your secret—I will not tell who it was!